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BIRTHDAY.

BY PROF. R. P. LEGGOTT.

A gloomy day of winter rain;
The branches crack, the wind is sad,
And still the old elm moans and grieves,
But 'tis your birthday once again,
And so my heart is glad.

Dear wife, how bright our cup of joy!
Your radiant form in mine I hold;
For while the first years spin and run,
Through all the corners of the sun,
Till they bring no base alloy,
But leave the unimpaired gold!

For younger than a jeweled crown
Your comely face of silver hair,
And more and more your love-lit eyes
Shine for me like the stars of heaven,
Sadder than the clear light gleaming down
Makes all the waste world fair.

Passes, O years, with swifter flow!
We hold no more for rusting tears;
Each year has had its richer gown
In life's long robe has made our own;
And far beyond the olden glow
Still wait the eternal years.

A VISIT TO EPWORTH, THE HOME OF THE WESLEYS.

BY GEORGE JOHN STEVENSON, M. A.

One of the most interesting places in England to Methodistists is Epworth in Lincolnshire. I had read of it from infancy as the home of the Wesleys, but I had counted more than fifty summers before I had met with any one who had been there. The only person who had visited the place during the present century, and had made the parish church and the rectory house a study, was Dr. Adam Clarke, who was there about sixty years ago. For years it seemed strange to me that so little was known about that home-land. At last I got what seemed to be a key to the mystery: one who had come from Epworth described it as a place "five miles from nowhere." My perplexity and my curiosity were both increased by the description. I tried to get up a small party to visit the town, but the scheme failed: I read the life of the "Mother of the Wesleys" when it first came out, and the account of her religious services held in the rectory house, and especially the account of the supernatural noises heard there in 1716-17, only intensified my curiosity. At length I found one friend whose desire to see the place was as strong as my own, and we resolved to make a pilgrimage there one summer's day. One difficulty stood in the way—the present rector of Epworth belongs to the "upper ten thousand"; he is an "Honourable" by birth, and it seemed doubtful if he would admit Methodist pilgrims to invade the privacy of his home. Just then I had written and published in a large volume a new set of "Memoirs of the Wesley Family." That work deepened my desire to see the home of the Wesleys in which nearly all the children had dwelt, and in which the Wesley rector had died. I wrote to the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Dundas, rector of Epworth, and asked permission to visit both church and rectory house, but received no reply within ten days. Not discouraged, however, my friend and myself arrived at Epworth and found it in a great flat fen country, miles away from any town, and five miles from the nearest railway, almost inaccessible to any one not having business there. We called on the only printer and book-seller of the place, with whom I had of an correspondent, to feel our way. Learning that the rector was at home, and expected at the church, we were informed that we might meet him on our way to the rectory. How were we, as strangers, to know him? To that inquiry we were assured we should be sure to know him because he was the tallest man in Epworth. We soon met such a person, and addressed him as the rector. He said he had been down from home, but had written to me in London on the previous day to say how welcome I should be to see all I wished. He went to the church to read the funeral service, we to the rectory, where a bright-faced housemaid gave us a cheerful welcome. We talked with her some time, told her some things she did not know, and then she kindly conducted us into every room in the house and into the out-houses, allowing us to remain as long as we wished, and answering all our inquiries as far as she could. Recalling the strange noises of the year 1716-17, we found she was no stranger, as herself and fellow servants

amused themselves often on winter evenings in reading and talking over those mysterious performances. Probably only few, if any, of your readers are acquainted with that very remarkable episode in the lives of the Wesleys, so that I may be excused for giving a summary of incidents. First, let me add a few words about the rectory itself. The house in which the Wesley children were born, down to Charles, who was the eighteenth in succession, was burned down in February, 1709, in the short space (so wrote the rector) of a quarter of an hour after the fire broke out. John was rescued out of his bedroom window, which was in the gable or east end of the house. Charles, born in December, 1707, was thirteen months old, when the nurse snatched him out of bed, and they both, with only nightclothes on, were soon shivering in the cold midnight air. The cost of the rebuilding of the rectory, largely by borrowed money, kept the rector so poor, that although he lived in that house a quarter of a century, he never had the money to more than half furnish the place. He provided, however, that the house should not be again burned down, for most of the floors are of a hard kind of cement, on which fire would have no power. The house has now stood one hundred and eighty-two years, and it is firm and strong for another century. Entering by a half glass door at the west end, a rather wide entrance hall runs down the whole length to the kitchen at the east end. On entering that room, I stood for awhile in deep thought, picturing in my own mind Susanna Wesley, the rector's devoted wife, holding weekly religious services in that kitchen, while the rector was in London in the early months of the year 1712, attending the convocation. During that time the curate in charge, little better than a dabbler, drove nearly all the people from the church, and Mrs. Wesley opened the rectory kitchen for Sunday services for her own household and a few friends. The services were so acceptable that neighbors asked the privilege of attending, and soon the society meeting at the rectory numbered many more people than went to the church. The curate got angry, and wrote to the rector to demand the discontinuance of Mrs. Wesley's meetings. In compliance, the rector wrote to demand the discontinuance. Mrs. Wesley answered her husband's letter with a firmness and vigor that took him by surprise, and when he heard of the good which was done, the number of persons who attended, and weighing the matter fairly, it was evident to him that more good had been done in a few months by his wife's services, than had been accomplished by the rector and his curate in eighteen years. Mrs. Wesley's logic of facts was overwhelming, and he was unable to suppress her irregular ministry till he himself returned to his duties. Her services at first attracted about forty people, but so much interest was created by them that as many as two hundred persons crowded into the house, and many had to go away unable to gain admission even into the house. As I stood in the kitchen, where M. S. Wesley said the meetings were held, I placed the chairs in line, and multiplied them, and found the utmost capacity of that room was fifty people. To crowd in two hundred must have filled the back kitchen and the whole length of the entrance hall. Only by a personal inspection of the place can these circumstances be ascertained. To the honor of Susanna Wesley let the record be made, that the blessing of God so abundantly rested on the irregular services she conducted in three or four months, in the rectory house, that more real good was done to the people than had been done by the rector and his curates in eighteen years! This is an interesting period in the home life of the Wesleys at Epworth, which increases in importance by a visit to the place itself. The supernatural noises I have mentioned were alluded to in an editorial in ZION'S HERALD, September 13. They have perplexed historians and philosophers, and the Wesleys themselves were never able to understand their import or origin. It has been my privilege to see more of the original letters describing them, written at the time of their occurrence, than any other person living. In these letters the noises are described so minutely,

that the perusal of them awakens a desire to visit the house in which they were heard. The broad staircase in the hall is still there just as it was when Mrs. Wesley, walking down, heard as it were a bag of money emptied at her feet before her; but nothing was seen. Under those stairs is a closet in which was heard a noise like the crash of a hundred bottles; when the closet was opened, bottles were there, but not one of them broken. At the end of the hall is a narrower staircase down which an invisible person was heard to walk with a long silk gown trailing behind. At the head of those stairs is a yet narrower flight, and in the garret the bedroom of Robert, the servant man, who heard his boots and shoes move on the floor, and various other noises, which so terrified the men that at times he was obliged to run down to some members of the family. The noises were varied, and as the isolated house was very quiet, they were loud and distinct. They usually began with a knock three times, thrice repeated, at one time on the floor, or at the head of the bed, or at the side wall. When one of the girls stamped on the floor, the noise was repeated on the spot, or it was like the winding of a jack, or the groans of a dying man, the grinding of a corn mill, or, at the command of the rector, it would knock on the floor or wall the exact knock he regularly gave at the house door. It was seen in one room in the form of a badger, or in the kitchen like a rabbit, but neither could be caught. The invisible agent lifted latches of doors and opened them in the rector's face, pushing the doors against him. On another occasion the rector's dinner trencher was lifted on its edge on the table and twirled around. One night, Rev. Mr. Hoole, rector of an adjoining parish, spent the night with the Wesleys, to be convinced. He heard enough to satisfy him that there was no deception. On that night the knocking was very loud in one of the girl's bedrooms, and Mr. Hoole entered the room. The knocking still continued, and a noise was heard as of a man walking by the bedside with a long gown, but nothing was seen. Then Mr. Wesley spoke and urged the strange visitor to come to him and not disturb the children. No answer was given to that challenge, but it closed its visit that night by knocking the rector's special door-knock, thus—1-2-3, 4, 5, 6-7. Mr. Hoole was convinced. These noises were continued almost every night from December 1, 1716, to the end of January, 1717, a period of two months. All those strange sounds were heard in the present rectory house, and the narrative has been read again and again by subsequent occupants, especially the servants in the Epworth parsonage. Thirty-four years afterwards, John Wesley's sister Emilia wrote to him, in 1750, to say that "old Jeffrey," as they called the ghost, visited her on every new trial in her life. The noises commenced regularly at a quarter before ten at night, and if the house clock happened to be wrong, the noises began at the proper moment. They were sure to be heard at the time of family evening prayers when the rector offered the prayer for King George. John Wesley, after the most careful investigation, wrote it as his opinion that the cause was the differing of his father from his mother on the proper sovereignty of William III as king of England. Mrs. Wesley attributed the noises to the mysterious disappearance of her brother, Samuel Ameseley, in India. He wrote to her about 1714, and appointed Mr. Wesley his agent in England, and promised to his sister, Mrs. Wesley, a thousand pounds. He was never heard of again, and the emptying of a bag of money on her feet on the broad staircase seemed to indicate an allusion to the unrealized promise. It is remarkable that such a person holding an important office in India should disappear and never be heard of, but such was the fact. None of his property was recovered, and Mrs. Wesley believed that her brother's violent death occurred at the time the noises were heard. The rector and the girls of the family had each some recognition, but Mrs. Wesley seems to have been chiefly marked by the opening of the money bag. Never did a wife and mother better deserve such a reward as that prom-

ised gift, and her disappointment was proportionately severely felt. John Wesley was a boy of about fourteen at the time, at the Charterhouse School. He devoted himself afterwards to diligent inquiries till he was master of all the various incidents, and Mr. Tyerman, in his "Life of Mr. Wesley," shows the good effect of those occurrences on his life and his preaching in after years. God had a purpose to serve in permitting those strange occurrences in that quiet and well-ordered family. What that purpose was, has doubtless long been known to the Wesleys, but it is still a mystery to all who have tried to understand and explain the various incidents. London, October 24, 1882.

THOMSON'S CENTRAL PALESTINE.

BY REV. D. SHERMAN, D. D.

To understand a literature, one must needs know the conditions under which it was produced. Books separated from their material and moral surroundings are obscure or unintelligible; but once brought into their natural relations to the land and people, they become plain to the most casual reader. To understand Chaucer, the student must revive the England of an earlier age with its rude peoples and medieval customs; and the beauties of Homer can be realized only by going back to the morning of the Grecian world. Mr. Green, who has thrown a flood of light on "The Making of England" by reproducing in his pages the material conditions of the time, insists that "physical geography has still its part to play in the written record of that human history to which it gives so much of its shape and form." And in giving a history of English literature, Taine deems it of the highest importance to reproduce those primordial forces of race, physical and moral condition and vital momentum which have co-operated to produce the works of genius in the language. In his view, Shakespeare and Milton can be appreciated only when viewed against the peculiar backgrounds of their times. But, strange to tell, a principle regarded as so important in the interpretation of secular literature, was long unrecognized, or at least but inadequately appreciated, by students of the Bible. A book produced in the fervid atmosphere of the East, abounding in tropes and figures, animated by the spirit of poetry and charged with dramatic elements, was torn from its natural settings and read in the colder latitudes and by the unimaginative people of the West. Is it strange that it was to many a sealed book, to many more a dead book? It was read as a fragment, whose real beauties could be made to appear only by restoring the lost context. The best commentary on the book is the land in which it was written. To the West, the Bible is a strange book, curiously misread; to the dweller in the Holy Land, it is the best kind of a guide-book. The very soil, the hills and valleys, the fertile tracts and desert reaches, the peoples, the manners and customs, cast a brilliant and steady light on the text. The reader opens the book in the presence of its original surroundings, and the record that, read in other localities, would prove obscure, stands out in relief. Among the first modern scholars to appreciate the importance of a knowledge of the land and people, as a preparation for understanding the Scriptures, were Robinson and Ritter. The latter essayed an exhaustive work on the geography of Bible lands, while the former set himself to identify and describe the Bible localities. Previous to the issue of the "Biblical Researches" in 1841, travelers had been content to notice a few of the chief points of interest and to toy with the multiplied legends of monks and Bedouins with which the whole land abounded. With Robinson all this disappears. His work formed an era in the history of sacred exploration. Ever since that day men have been intent on finding the localities noticed in the Biblical

narrative, and in setting forth whatever might tend to illustrate and emphasize the sacred text. As a first attempt, the achievement of Robinson was marvelous. The number of places he identified was large, and the accuracy of his conclusions surprising. The American Exploration Society and the agents of the Palestine Exploration Fund, as well as later travelers, have done much to complete our knowledge of the localities and physical geography of Palestine; but even yet Robinson occupies the place not only of a guide and inspirer, but of an authority in his department. But with all its conceded excellencies, the work of Robinson was not complete. Others needed to supplement what he had so well begun. The nine he had opened required an army of workers to secure the precious ore; the forgotten territory into which he had opened a road needed a band of explorers to search out its hidden parts and to restore to us the knowledge of Bible localities and customs. Of all the successors of the great American traveler, no one has done better work than Dr. W. M. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book." The first part, covering southern Palestine, was issued several years ago; and now this second part, treating of central and northern Palestine and Phœnicia, completes a work which may in some sense be considered as supplementary to the "Biblical Researches." Robinson furnished a method and an impulse; his actual work was mostly confined to an identification of places noticed in the Bible. Thomson goes a step further and attempts to reproduce the atmosphere, the environment, the people with their peculiar costumes, manners and habits, belonging to the localities. Occasionally he corrects Robinson, but usually accepts his findings and throws around his localities a halo of sacred interest.

For a work of this kind Dr. Thomson is admirably qualified by natural tastes as well as by scholarship and long experience as a missionary in the Holy Land. If not "to the manner born," he had become acclimated in the East, so as to appreciate the peculiarities of the place and the imaginative and poetic genius of the people. With this preparation he was able to produce a work which cannot fail to be a great help to the Bible student. His pathway from Jerusalem, on through Samaria, Galilee and Phœnicia to Tyre and Sidon, is a trail of light, in which each old place embraced in it starts to new life and becomes invested with a fresh interest. His descriptions are simple, but vivid. The scenery, the cities, the ruins, come out distinctly to the view. You see every object about which he writes, as in the clear sunshine, and on closing the book feel almost as though you had a personal acquaintance with the scenes he has described. Besides this freshness of interest, the volume has fullness and accuracy of information. The chapters on northern Palestine, a region out of the range of ordinary travel, will be found quite interesting. Long-forgotten places start to life in his narrative, and the grand scenery about the sources of the Jordan, the wild and terrific gorges of the Litany, and the sublime elevations of the snowy Hermon on which all Palestine lies spread out like a map at one's feet, fill the soul with amazement and delight. But the work opens to us the language as well as the spirit of revelation. Like other books, the Bible has had a home, a birth-place; but beyond all other examples, this birthplace has given form and color to its language. The underlying basis of this wonderful dialect of the kingdom of heaven is found in the land itself. But as in the resurrection that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual, so man's religious language was preceded by and grew out of the natural and the mundane. The material out of which was formed our spiritual dialect was of the earth earthly, requiring to be transformed and transfigured ere it could become a fit medium for things heavenly" (p. 2).

No man can be brave who considers pain to be the greatest evil of life, nor temperate who considers pleasure to be the highest good. — Cicero.

STREET MUSINGS IN OLD CAMBRIDGE.

BY REV. MARK TRAFTON, D. D.

The whirligig of time and the concatenation of tragic events have, after thirty-six years, made me again a temporary dweller in this old historic city, then a town. What changes have taken place! What multitudes have appeared, passed over the stage, and disappeared in that time! What hopes have been cherished to be blighted; what plans laid to be thwarted; what ambitious schemes conceived to be exploded—who may tell? There they lie—the busy actors in those scenes—in their quiet beds, their hands crossed upon their bosoms, and their faces turned upward, as if in mute appeal to God. So I mused as I strolled to-day along the borders of that densely-populated city of the dead, Mount Auburn. The bright sun and balmy air invited me to stroll through the college grounds, among these numerous and imposing buildings, some gray with age and others in the freshness of youth. What an inspiration one feels in these classic grounds! What strange and weird associations crowd the mind! One involuntarily goes back to the old colonial times when a dense forest covered all these plains, with here and there a log hut and wild beasts and wilder savages roaming at will, to the gathering of the few representative men of those sturdy old Puritans; and one sees now with a smile, the venerable old divine who brought under his arm a few musty volumes of theology lore, and laying them on the rough table, said, in the true spirit of the old prophets, "I donate these books for the founding of a college for the advancement of learning and religion." Well done, old hero! Was he in earnest, or was it a joke? Ah, reader, those men were no jokers or children. They were in dead earnest, and that offering was the germ of Harvard University. All this from that! And now stand here with me, and with uncovered head mark the long procession of graduates as their shadowy forms glide past; and see, at the head of the long line is a lone and solitary Indian, the only graduate of a class of six native Indian boys ever. The rest, lured more by the charms of the chase than the classics, led to the forest. Founded in 1636, six years only after the founding of the colony, this mother of colleges has been pouring forth this host of so-called scholars. Ha! Look! In the moving column a horse—or is it an ass? Aye, a veritable equine! Foursome hands have deeded its neck and caudal extremity of the flowing hair, and two large D. D.'s are painted upon its sides, with the motto, "Honoris Causa" in large characters. Scan now the rogues' college register, and you shall find his record:— "At the college Commencement, 1792, Billy, the faithful horse of Rev. Jesse Lee, the first minister of the M. E. Church who visited this town and held forth in T. B. Smith's kitchen, was entered at the front door of this venerable college, and passed, at the head of the class, the successive stages of the hall (as is granted with the degree of *Magister in Rineribus* and the honorary degree of D. D. "Signed this 14th of July, 1792, "ALBERTUS ASINORUM." The reader, after perusing this remarkable entry, may feel some curiosity to see the old college hall through which the pious students of that day actually led the horse of that old hero, Jesse Lee, on his second visit to New England. Let them inquire of the janitor for the "hall of ingress and egress," and he will direct you properly. Rev. John Harvard has secured immortality by his (for those times) princely gift of \$3,500. What would his attenuated shade think of the donations to colleges in these days? But the colonial authorities appropriated only \$4,000 in their annual installments for the founding of a "school or college," and the original intent was to open a school for "Indian boys." Alas! in morals it has sadly deteriorated! I was informed yesterday of one student (?) who has expended \$3,000 in fitting up his room. But—"no father's rich!" Some of these twelve hundred youngsters may

apply themselves to hard study, but that is the exception, not the rule. One can purchase all the lectures, I am told, which the students are supposed to attend, for \$10, and take his degree without showing himself in a lecture room at all. "But we put them upon their honor." Nevertheless, it is a great University, and gives a young graduate, though at the foot of his class, and lower even, a potent passport to "our best society" in the phrase, "I am a graduate of old Harvard." Nay, he can put a sun-flower in a button-hole and secure an introduction to Oscar Wilde. "Magnus est habundantia prevalet." Pardon, reader, these foreign terms. One standing on these enchanted premises thinks in a dead tongue. Even these English sparrows, flitting from bough to bough among these old elms, twitter in an unknown tongue. On I wander to the old village green to spend a few moments with the patriotic souls who laid their young lives, with all their hopes and ambitions, upon their country's altar. A massive monument bears upon a number of copper entablatures the names of a host of heroes. Across the green is Memorial Hall, reared to the memory of the students and others connected with the University who closed the musty volumes of ancient lore to plunge into the hell-fire of fraternal warfare. I see them now as they hasty pack up a few articles never more to be needed, and hurry off to the rendezvous. "And Harvard waves above them her green leaves, Dewy with nature's fragrance as they pass." It is well and fitting thus to perpetuate the memory of these young heroes who return no more. But now comes the thought of the causes of all this expenditure of valuable life and waste of power and money—the attitude of the great institutions of learning and potent centres of influence, like this great University and others of like character, throughout the North and West, and the action, or rather the non-action, of the churches all through the land. And I smiled as I thought of the dynamite bomb tossed into the church yonder at the last Commencement by that wonderful man, Wendell Phillips, when he held up the mirror to the educated classes and exhibited their position relative to the great reforms of the world in modern times. Freely rendered, he said: If you gentlemen of this University, and others of like character, and the illustrious alumni you have sent out into all departments of life armed with such weapons as you put into their hands, and with such mental discipline as they received through your curriculum, had thrown yourselves into the great battle against all oppression, injustice and robbery, and given your countenance, sympathy and co-operation to those who almost single-handed and alone were breasting this flood of corruption and sin which threatened the very life of this Republic, instead of turning your batteries against those who were struggling for the right, we should have been saved the disgrace of an internecine war, and the cause would have been peacefully removed. "Verily, your fathers killed the prophets and ye built their sepulchres" (Matthew 23). Then my thoughts turned to the old workers in the anti-slavery cause—to the brave and fearless leader, hurried off to Leverett Street jail to save him from a Boston mob; to the laudful of women met to pray for the slave, flying from the "men of property and standing" (as the papers characterized them) who burst into the room and drove them screaming into the street. Did Harvard, or any other college, or church even, denounce such disgraceful conduct? I mused of Garrison, with a price upon his head, and another greater than Garrison, sold for the paltry sum of "thirty pieces of silver." Let no one reading this imagine that I am drawing upon my fancy. I go down to the capital of Georgia, and open the Senate journal of Saturday, Nov. 26, 1831, and read with a burning heart the following historic pearl:— Mr. Nisbet laid upon the table the following resolutions:— "Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of (Continued on page 8.)

Miscellaneous.

ANOTHER "IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT."

BY REV. J. W. BASHFORD, PH. D.

It is estimated that the people of the United States spend about \$700,000,000 a year for liquor. The loss of time caused by drunkenness is estimated at \$200,000,000. Add to these sums the cost of crime caused by drunkenness, and the financial loss to our people through their drinking habits may be safely estimated at \$1,000,000,000 a year.

The problem certainly has a large financial aspect, and is perhaps even a larger problem when looked at from a social, moral or legal point of view. Upon the one side a large party maintain that the drinking of wine is as purely a personal matter as the wearing of jewelry, and that if people disapprove the fashion of wine-drinking they are to combat it with the same moral, intellectual and social influences with which they would combat bad grammar or filthy personal habits. It must be also admitted that a very large number use liquor in moderate form who could hardly be made liable to legal prosecution. Upon the other hand, a large class connect dissipation with moderate drinking, trace a large amount of sorrow in the community and four-fifths of the crimes which are committed against the community to drunkenness, and maintain that the temperance reform must enter a legal stage. It cannot be denied that the temperance question, despite frequent defeats, is entering more and more as a disturbing factor into politics, especially in the South and West. Between these two views another "irrepressible conflict" is arising.

The pressing question just now is not, Ought individuals to be temperate? but, Ought temperance to pass through a legal phase? Is not this a moral question? says one. Civil government is not the conservator of morals. She is not concerned with how a man spends his money, or his time, or anything else that is his own. The sole duty of civil government is to prevent one's freedom from trenching on another's rights. Her sole office is to define and punish such encroachments. How, then, can this moral question be the proper concern of civil government?

The unanswerable reason why drunkenness and pandering to drunkenness become civil as well as moral crimes is that drunkenness affects others than the man who drinks. One of the saddest features of intemperance is the sorrow that comes to the drunkard's home. So freely does the evil spread beyond the individual atom to the social organism, that the vice is caught by others as a sort of infection and is transmitted to children by pre-natal influences. If as a responsible individual a man has the right to shape his destiny unbiased and untrammelled by outward authority, surely his children have the right to demand that they too shall be born free. Above all have they the right to demand that they shall not be born with a bias toward hell inherited from a father's passions, and then surrounded at home and on the street with constant examples of, and solicitations to, the gratification of these passions.

We recognize the perplexities and the far-reaching consequences of this view of the solidarity of the race. But the tendency of recent legislation in the United States is away from the atomistic individualism of the earlier days, and more and more toward the recognition of society as a social organism. Beyond all controversy as to whether drunkenness and pandering to drunkenness ought to pass through a legal stage, is the incontestable fact that both these vices have entered upon a legal stage in almost every State in the Union, and in almost every civilized nation. Governments tax liquor-selling, not simply as they tax every other business—for the sake of revenue; they regulate this traffic not with the purpose of fostering and increasing it—the purpose which they have in regulating other traffics. Massachusetts no more aims to promote liquor-selling by her license laws than Arkansas means to promote gambling by her license of lotteries. Almost every State in the Union passes laws with the avowed purpose of restricting the liquor traffic. A restrictive license and prohibition rest upon the common assumption that government has the same right to interfere with slavery and piracy for the purpose of decreasing them.

We simply maintain that when government has adopted a restrictive license resting upon the principle of legal interference to decrease the traffic, she has only adopted a contra-

dictory compromise, not reached a resting-place. She must either abandon legal interference with the traffic and return to moral influences alone, or else she must go forward to legal prohibition. If drinking liquor and selling it are vices which ought to be combated by moral forces alone, government has no more right to restrict them by licenses than she has to restrict a heresy by charging a license fee of those who hold it. If intemperance belongs to the legal sphere, and government has the right to restrict it, as is almost universally admitted by the adoption of license laws, then it can no more remain permanently in the first legal stage in which government licenses it for a consideration than slavery and piracy could remain in such a stage. A restrictive license is a logical contradiction, and cannot be a final settlement of this question. While restricting the vice in part, it gives the remainder of it a legal sanction and pledges the government to its protection. It is defensible at all only on the admission that society is in such a half-barbarous stage that a coarse compromise is the highest position the State can now maintain. Common people will never be made to see that selling liquor is not only such a moral but legal offense that the State has the right to fine and imprison one for it, and yet that it is right for the State when one has paid her \$100 or \$1,000, according to the amount of offense he expects to commit, to license him to commit this very offense and protect him in the act. As sure as moral convictions and insight remain among our people, so surely will the restrictive license compromise pass away and the irrepressible conflict go on.

The practical results of license and prohibition are not to be ignored on ideal considerations. The testimony is somewhat conflicting on this point, but we have two weighty factors for a judgment on the question. The mass of the voters in Maine, after many years of trial, are so fully convinced that prohibition is better than license, that neither party champions a license law in party platforms or political debate. Again, the liquor-sellers are practical, and know far better than the general public which policy will hurt their business. Almost to a man they favor license rather than prohibition.

We must also bear in mind that it is simply impossible to combine a license policy and moral influence against this vice. It is nonsense to talk of bringing the moral influence of a State to bear effectively against a vice which the State has solemnly authorized, against a business which our children see protected by law on every street corner, a business in which the State shares the profits with the "men of good character" (?) who alone can secure the licenses. Again, if it is confessed that the State is too weak to maintain a vigorous prohibitory law, we must remember that the State, like the individual, grows strong not by yielding to her weakness without a struggle, but by constantly contending for her ideal. Massachusetts is not free from temptations to the social vice, but she will not, like France, confess her weakness and license rather than legally prohibit this vice. She will not, with Arkansas, yield to the temptation to gamble among her citizens and license lotteries, nor with Virginia yield to the temptation to dishonesty and pass laws to pay half her debts instead of all of them. But if the Commonwealth maintains her right to legally interfere with the liquor traffic, and then without a struggle yields permanently to the coarse compromise of a restrictive license, how will she gather strength to maintain her higher policy on these other issues? Massachusetts has not forgotten, we trust, that she has a part to maintain in the civilization of the world, that she is fighting battles for other States and nations. But she cannot gain strength to help her neighbors fight their battles by yielding to her own besetting sin. One might as well think of yielding to his temptations to lie, and cheat, and swear, throughout the week, and of husbanding his moral power for an exhortation to his neighbors on Sunday, as for Massachusetts to think of yielding without a struggle her battle of the present week, and of thus saving her strength to fight repudiation in Virginia, and gambling in Arkansas, and the social vice in France.

Lastly, we must not forget that prohibition, like many other good medicines, may at first produce aggravated symptoms of the disease. Under prohibition the better class of saloon-keepers quit the business; and pandering to drunkenness is thrown into the hands of a thoroughly bad class. No doubt the men whose habits of indulgence have become confirmed, will seek out these law-breakers and wish such bar-tenders will be

guilty of excess more frequently than under our present system. Just the phenomena would occur which appeared under the last prohibitory law. But this is proof that the malady is taking a more aggravated form in old cases, not that the malady is spreading. So far from such aggravated cases spreading the malady, they do much to deter the young from drink. The statesman who looks to the future will indeed be sorry for the victims who hunt out illegal sellers and surrender themselves to vice in an aggravated form with them; but he will no more consent to expose the whole community to moderate vice, than a few diseased ones may have milder treatment, than he will consent that the entire community shall be exposed to small-pox to save a victim from being sent to the pest house.

Our hope for temperance lies wholly with the young and with future generations. And no one can doubt that it would be almost infinitely better for our children not to see government authorizing this traffic and sharing in its profits, not to see saloons standing with undisguised signs and open doors upon almost every street corner. Think of putting the house of ill fame in the same legal position in which we place the saloon; locate such houses with government authority, with half-open doors and attractive signs upon every street corner; teach the children, by making provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof, that these lusts must be indulged, and you will not bring ten boys in a hundred to manhood without contamination. The ex-consul to Marseilles tells us that under government license of the social vice, the best authorities in France think that not one man in one hundred is virtuous and that almost every husband has a paramour. If we are not so rotten with this vice as France, it is largely due to the fact that our boys are not forced to pass their youth in the open exposure to this vice to which they are subjected to drink. We see no argument for or against licensing saloons, which will not apply to the social evil. The license law advances us to the same stage on the temperance issue that we reached on slavery by the Missouri Compromise. Despite the eloquence and the convictions of a Clay, men could not see how an act could be not only such a moral but legal offense that the government had the right to punish it on one part of her territory, and yet that a man could step six feet south over an imaginary line and then claim the protection of the government in this very act. So the imaginary line of the Missouri Compromise disappeared from our statutes because it never existed in morals. And so, too, the coarse compromise of a restrictive license is awaiting its doom as "a league with hell, a compact with the devil."

METHODISM AT WASHINGTON.

BY REV. CHARLES PARKER, JR.

Some time since, I read in a New England paper the notice that a member of one of our eastern Conferences had preached on a certain Sabbath in "the Methodist Church at Washington." The notice evidently conveyed the impression that Methodism had only one church in this city. I was led to ask how far this might be an index of the knowledge at the East of the work of our church at the capital of the nation. Such reflection leads to a cursory statement of the standing of Methodism in this city.

To those who have only known our church in its relative position in New England there is a thrill of joy rising to glad enthusiasm, to enter a city where Methodism is confessedly at the head in number of churches, in membership, and in social influence. And Methodism is so strong here that it maintains its identity and peculiar characteristics without apology. Some data may be more helpful than simple assertions, to reveal its strength. There are in this city sixteen Methodist churches, with an average membership of more than two hundred, aggregating a total membership of nearly four thousand. This does not include the churches or membership of the colored people. The population of the negroes in the city is some forty thousand, and there are very many strong churches among them of all denominations; but more Methodist. I am informed, that all others. The question of race is settling itself, and rightly; the negro prefers to worship with his own people. There is also one Methodist Church South, a large and influential congregation.

The church served by Dr. Hicks, of Gaitheer fame, is an offshoot from one of the old Methodist churches of the city, an element which withdrew because of dissatisfaction with a Conference appointment. We worshiped one Sabbath eve with a Methodist Protestant church, and felt we were at home. We said the Methodist Church in this city was potent in social influence. Doubtless considerable prestige and respect were given Methodism by the fact that General Grant and family attended the Metropolitan Church for the eight years of his administration. Mrs. Grant took a prominent part in all the benevolent work of the church. It is a marvel for a President or his wife to

pass through a four years' ordeal of public scrutiny and go away unsmeared, but Mrs. Grant achieved this noble achievement. She is universally beloved and commended for her sincerity, unpretentious goodness and Christian character. The following incident finely illustrates her life, and shows why she is so lovingly remembered here. There sits at my side a brother who was a member of the Metropolitan Church when Mrs. Grant was a member. He was prostrated by sickness, and his family were made anxious by want. The fact came to the knowledge of Mrs. Grant, and in her own conveyance, with bountiful supplies, she went to his home, speaking words of assurance and cheer. That was the method by which Mrs. Grant demonstrated her Methodism.

President Hayes and wife attended the Foundry Church and gave increased social distinction to that society. The minister comes very soon to take the cast of a congregation in degree of piety, culture, character and wealth, and I am glad to say that I never saw a congregation which bespeaks more for itself in the qualities indicated than that which gathers at the Foundry. The present very efficient pastor is Rev. W. F. Ward, a student at Concord Biblical Institute some twenty-five years ago.

The Metropolitan is a magnificent church structure, the finest in the city. I think it is the most important appointment in our whole connection. It is a metropolitan pulpit; it remains the best of the church, for in it are gathered representatives from the laity, both houses of Congress, and indeed from all parts of the nation. Rev. B. N. Baer is closing a successful pastorate at this church. The church is now looking for the man for another year, and it is no small compliment to Rev. J. O. Peck, a son of Vermont, that he is named among the probable candidates.

Another profitable session of the North Boston District Preachers' Meeting was held at Marlboro, Nov. 22 and 23. On Wednesday evening, Nov. 23, Dr. D. Dorchester delivered, to the delight and instruction of a large audience, his wonderful lecture on "The Religious Progress of the World," illustrated by his charts.

Rev. A. Dight, of Hallowell, had charge of the Thursday morning prayer-meeting. The meeting organized by the election of A. Gould, of Clinton, as chairman, and M. B. Fisk as secretary. Rev. W. P. Ray, of Gardner, being absent, his subject was omitted. Rev. D. Atkins, of Pepperell, read a most interesting and practical essay on "An Earnest Ministry," and the subject was further discussed by Dr. Dorchester, W. J. Pomfret, W. E. Dwight, S. Noon, W. B. Toulmin and A. Dight. Rev. W. B. Dwight, of Rockbottom, gave a sketch of a sermon from the text, 1 Cor. 9: 24. The sketch received universal commendation. The next subject assigned was, "The South Framingham Assembly and the Camp-meetings, and how to Harmonize the Time of Holding Them." A. Gould and N. B. Fisk, the regular speakers, were followed by I. Bigelow, W. B. Toulmin, and J. R. Cushing. It was unanimously felt that a change should be made so that the preachers could attend both the camp-meetings and the Assembly.

A beautiful collation was served by the Marlboro ladies in the vestry at 12 o'clock. The afternoon session opened with religious exercises led by J. R. Cushing. A committee of arrangement for time and place for holding next meeting was appointed, consisting of Dr. Dorchester, W. J. Pomfret and J. R. Cushing, who are to report through Zion's Herald. Dr. Dorchester then read Part I of his essay on "Methodist Church Policy," greatly to the profit of the preachers and congregationalists who were present. By vote, the committee of arrangement were instructed to ask Dr. Dorchester to give Part II at the next preachers' meeting. Rev. F. T. Pomeroy, of West Fitchburg, gave an extensive sketch of the most excellent sermon from the text, Matt. 11: 12. Remarks followed by a number of the brethren. The following brethren gave their methods of preparing sermons: F. T. Pomeroy, W. B. Dwight, Dr. Dorchester, N. B. Fisk, W. B. Toulmin, J. R. Cushing, W. J. Pomfret, and E. A. Howard. Rev. W. B. Toulmin preached a most excellent sermon in the evening from Romans 6: 15.

N. B. Fisk, Secretary.

Church News.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, Swedish Church.—The Swedish M. E. Church in Boston was organized by Presiding Elder Mallalieu, Sept. 19, 1882. Monday, Nov. 27, the third quarterly conference was held, when the reports showed that the congregation is in a prosperous condition. The treasurer's report showed that the little society, in which everybody is very poor, had among themselves collected enough to pay their hall rent and current expenses, and had a little cash balance in the treasury. But it is only a small part of the sum they need in order to purchase an organ. The congregation is in great need of an organ, but have not the money to buy it. If persons who are able would assist in this matter, it would be a blessing both to themselves and the society. Donations can be sent to the pastor, Rev. H. Olson, 137 Washington Street, Cambridgeport, Mass., or 38 Bromfield Street, Boston.

We find the old-fashioned Methodism in this congregation. The members as a whole are seeking full salvation. Numbers are rising for prayers, and sinners are converted every week. Nov. 26 was a marked day. Communion services were held in the afternoon in Harvard Street M. E. Church in Cambridgeport, and fifty-eight communed at the altar. During the last month one was received by letter, four in full connection, and eleven on probation. The whole membership, including probationers, has during the last six months increased from 30 to 68. The Thanksgiving service was a blessed one. The pastor is working hard. He preaches three times every Sabbath, holds two meetings in Boston during the week, and preaches in Concord, Mass., every Wednesday evening. This, together with visiting the people, who are scattered in Boston and the suburbs, keeps him in the harness all the time. But with all this he cannot do half the work which should be done, because there are calls from every direction to come and preach. This shows that there is a grand opening for Swedish Methodism in Boston and vicinity. But at the present they cannot carry on the work as they desire. The hall in which they hold their services in Boston is much too small to accommodate those who wish to attend. It is very desirable that the Boston Missionary and Church Extension Society should

buy Father Taylor's Bethel for this Swedish mission. It is now for sale, and if its purchase could be accomplished there would be grand results. It is the right locality, for numbers of Scandinavian boarding-houses, with hundreds of people, are close to the Bethel. There could be a mission-home with a reading-room, etc., and the great need of Bethel-work in connection with the city mission work could with grand success be carried on. It is hoped that our benevolent Methodist people in Boston and vicinity will not overlook this important matter. American Methodists in New York and Brooklyn have built large churches for the Scandinavian missions. When the Swedish M. E. Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., was built in 1872, costing \$23,000, an American Methodist, Mr. Martin, was the leading man for the whole enterprise, and gave \$12,000 himself. And a few years ago, Mr. Edwin Mead, a generous citizen of New York, gave a large church to the Norwegian mission. We hope that the Lord in Boston, to secure a house of worship for the Swedes in this great and populous city, which He will use as instruments in His hand to save thousands of precious souls. There is supposed to be over five thousand Scandinavians in Boston and the suburbs, and the emigrants are coming every week, besides a great number of seamen who should be cared for. We cannot think this important mission-field will be overlooked any longer. Now is the right time to take hold. The mission has the right man, Rev. H. Olson, the pastor, to take charge and lead on this enterprise.

N. B. Fisk, Secretary.

NORTH BOSTON DISTRICT PREACHERS' MEETING.

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N. B. Fisk, Secretary.

CONNECTICUT.

Rev. H. D. Robinson, presiding elder, spent Sunday, Dec. 3, in Norwich, visiting three of the churches. He preaches in demonstration of the Spirit and with power.

Our Episcopal friends are making quite a stir just now on the temperate use of intoxicants. They have two pledges, one for total abstinence, and one for the temperate use of the ardent. Dr. Howard Crosby they endorse very heartily. The soul of the movement, Mr. Graham, we notice, is a total abstainer. May they all become as he is! They ought.

The Methodist State convention, to be held in Hartford the latter part of the month of January, 1883, promises to be an occasion of much interest to our people. It is to be composed of delegates from about two hundred churches. Each church is entitled to three delegates—the preacher in charge and two lay members. The topics to be considered are, "The Duty of the Church in Suppressing Intemperance," "Sabbath Desecration," and any other subject of interest to the denomination. The presiding elders, Rev. Henry D. Robinson of New London, Rev. G. A. Hubbard of New Haven, and Rev. W. T. Hill of New Haven, have been appointed by the joint committee to prepare a programme including topics, speakers, etc., and to issue a call for the convention. It will probably be held in Asylum Street Church, Jan. 22 and 23. The committees appointed by the three Ministerial Associations at their meeting in New Haven, Nov. 27, were unanimous in their decision to hold the convention. We hope that the churches will pray very earnestly for the divine blessing upon all the deliberations, and that they will elect live men as delegates, who will be on hand.

G.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Gleanings.—Another minister has suffered a "pounding." This time it is Rev. Otis Cole, of Suncook. Is he to be piled or not—first burned out, and then "pounded?" He endures both, especially the latter, with a spirit of resignation. It occurred on a Saturday evening. His house was invaded by a crowd of Methodists, who, on their departure, "left behind them a pleasing and abundant array of good things." No one had taken the pains to notify Bro. Cole, so to him it was a complete surprise. His testimony is that the experience is an enjoyable one.

The N. H. Conference unite in sympathizing with Mrs. Parmelee, who, with her husband, served the people of Enfield and East Canaan. His death, of heart disease, was very sudden. He was an earnest temperance worker, and had recently devoted himself to the work of the Y. M. C. A.

The society at East Deering have received \$100 from Hon. John H. Goodale, of Nashua, to be expended in repairing the parsonage.

Mr. C. L. Rhodes, the recent general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Manchester, has entered the ministry of the Baptist Church, and has accepted a call to Lexington, Mass.

Mrs. M. V. B. Knox lectured on a recent Sunday evening in the Baptist Church at Claremont, in which she gave an account of the convention of the W. N. C. T. U. held at Louisville, Ky., in October, and also described her visit to Mammoth Cave. The church was densely crowded, and she held the close attention of her audience to the close of the lecture.

Claremont has been favored with the presence of the lady lawyer of Iowa, Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, who spoke for two hours on the temperance question. She thrilled the audience with her eloquent and burning words.

The dedication of the new chapel of the People's M. E. Mission Church of Manchester took place Sunday, Nov. 26, and was a very interesting and successful occasion. The services were in charge of the pastor, Rev. W. A. Loyne, who was assisted by Rev. L. B. Bates and Dr. W. F. Mallalieu of Boston, Rev. A. E. Drew of St. Paul's Church, and Rev. L. Sears of Grace Episcopal Church. Bro. Bates preached an able sermon in the morning. At the close of the sermon a call was made for money, and \$223 subscribed. In the afternoon the chapel was completely filled, every available seat being occupied. After prayer by the pastor, and reading from the Scriptures by Rev. L. B. Bates, an appropriate dedication hymn was sung. The pastor then gave a brief statement of the affairs of the society, and thanked the public for the generous aid which had been extended to it. The work of raising the debt was then continued, and as a result, upwards of \$700 was pledged. In the evening a mass meeting was held in Smith's hall, which was well attended and productive of good results; a sum sufficient to liquidate the balance of the debt being subscribed on condition that the pastor, personally, raises a certain sum during the coming year. It was past 9 o'clock when the meeting at Smith's hall closed, but the congregation then adjourned to the chapel, where the exercises of dedication took place.

The building is of Queen Anne style of architecture, and with the class-room and main audience-room will seat about three hundred. It is so arranged and situated on the lot that in the future a church building can be erected on the front, when the present building will form a vestry. The singing for dedication was furnished by the choir of St. Paul's Church. The sum to be raised by the pastor during the coming year is about \$450. The chapel is located in the northern part of the city, and is more than half a mile from the nearest church. The city is growing rapidly in that direction, and there is open a large field for work.

The M. E. Church at Whitefield is in a prosperous condition. On Sabbath, Nov. 19, twelve were received into full fellowship by the pastor, Rev. James Cairns. Bro. C. has been "surprised" twice since Conference by his people, who on each occasion left many substantial tokens of their love and esteem. He has just closed a series of nine sermons on the second coming of Christ, which have been well attended, on Sabbath evenings.

Chaplain McCabe delivered his lecture on "The Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison," in Haverhill St. Church, Lawrence, the evening before Thanksgiving. Though a severe snow-storm prevailed, a large audience was present. We are indebted to Rev. J. D. Fickles, who secured the services of the Chaplain.

B.

"E. S. M.," writing from Fitzwilliam, says: "Sixteen years ago there was no house of God in this quiet little village; but on account of failing health, Rev. Wm. Merrill, of the N. E. Conference, bought a farm and settled here with his family. As his health improved, he began to work for the Master. He held a Sabbath-school in the morning, a class-meeting at noon, and exhorted in the afternoon. The society was shipped in a school-house until the ladies bought a house and converted it into a chapel, which they have kept in repair. Mr. Merrill, in the providence of God, is again with us for a time, where he will remain until returning health calls him to his post of duty. The little chapel has just been shingled at a cost of over \$30. Nov. 22, a public supper was given, from which, with a sale of table, \$10.33 was realized. Surely, times are beginning to look up in Haverhill."

Four persons were baptized at Northfield about a week ago by Bro. P. Merrill—making nine since Conference—of whom have been converted during that time.

Some two hundred and fifty persons met at the M. E. Church, Bakerfield, to do honor to an aged member of the church, Father Hiram Smith. Refreshments, with remarks and prayer by the pastor, Bro. W. H. Hyde, and a social visit, made the occasion a most gratifying one to all the participants.

The parsonage at Woodstock has been thoroughly repaired at an expense of over \$1,000. Of this amount the Hon. Fred Billings contributed \$600, and in view of this marked generosity the quarterly conference unanimously resolved a series of very appreciative resolutions. Mr. Billings is a member of the Congregational Church, but does not confine his gifts to his own people. Only two years ago he presented a church at Woodstock with an organ worth \$450. Bro. A. J. Hough, a poet preacher, is "holding the fort" at that place.

The church at Enosburg Falls is in the midst of a glorious revival. More than twenty have found the pardon of the Lord. The whole community is deeply stirred.

New singles and a cast of paint have greatly improved our church at Stoughton where Bro. F. W. Lewis is doing what he can for the upbuilding of the Master's kingdom.

In a note just received from Bishop Peck he says, "Let the brethren stir up revival work and enjoy themselves."

M. A. F.

The faithful ministers of God who have tried for the past year to proclaim the Word of God, have labored with patience, faith, and hope."

G.

VERMONT.

The proposed union Preachers' Meeting for three districts—Marblehead, St. Johnsbury and Springfield—has been arranged for, and is to be held at Groton, Dec. 18-21. A programme suggesting most profound themes for discussion has been published by the committee, and religious services are to occur every afternoon and evening—a temperance meeting occurring Tuesday evening.

The church at Springfield has been thoroughly repaired—including plaster and fresco, new seats nicely upholstered, new carpet, new stained-glass windows, and a new organ—and was reopened Nov. 15. Instead of going abroad for a preacher, they invited the presiding elder, Bro. A. L. Cooper, to preach on the occasion, who delivered an appropriate and powerful sermon from Psalm 84: 10. Several of the of the brethren in the vicinity were present and took part in the service. Bro. E. Snow of Ludlow, W. A. Hyatt of Reading, A. B. Burgett of Freeville, and the pastor, Bro. J. McKee. The church is now as good as new. The organ is from the establishment of Geo. H. Ryder & Co. of Boston, and gives excellent satisfaction. As the organ concert the evening preceding the dedication, Bro. Ryder made for himself a reputation both as an organ builder and a musician. We congratulate all concerned. Of course the blessing all enjoyed. Of course Bro. McKee is thoroughly appreciated. It was intended to have followed the dedication with a protracted meeting, but the "set time" seems not to have come, and so the evangelizing meetings have been deferred for a present.

Bro. S. A. French, of Boxbury, will soon occupy a new parsonage which is being built. The lot was a gift from a lady, a member of the Universalist Church. The house will be neat and commodious.

The last quarterly meeting at West Burke was especially good. The presiding elder, Bro. P. N. Grainger, was present in power, and the pastor, Bro. L. C. Dickinson, baptized two persons—a husband and wife. There is a general uprising throughout St. Johnsbury district.

Bro. M. Halburd, of Burlington, delivered his popular lecture on "City Music," at Plainfield recently, when Bro. G. E. Smith has arranged for a course of lectures.

Our church at Bellows Falls has just put in a very handsome organ having two manuals and pedals. Indeed, it only lacks the pipes to be equal to a large church organ. It is from the establishment of Pelouzet & Co., of New York, and corresponds to the one presented to our Seminary by that firm.

At a festival recently held by the ladies at Bellows Falls, between thirty and forty different kinds of pies were included in the bill of fare. Bro. H. P. Austin is having his usual success.

An excellent spirit was manifested at the last quarterly meeting at Williams town, held a week ago. The forenoon was full, and a large number came to the Lord's table. Bro. Geo. L. Wells quite hopeful.

Over one hundred persons made a profession of religion at Newport Centre during the union services which have just closed.

Bro. W. R. Puffer, of West Berkshire has been holding some extra meetings at South Franklin with success.

At Barre Bro. J. R. Bartlett presided at full houses; and he has recently connected the homes of two aged and honored members of the church, who are not able to attend service, with the church by telephone, so that these two regularly hear the Word preached. The finances are in the best condition for many years. The incidental expenses are all paid to date, and the pastor considerably overpaid.

Some extra meetings have been held by Bro. G. E. Burnham at South Berkshire, but with what success we have not learned.

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The Family.

FLOWERS FOR THE LIVING, OR FOR THE DEAD?

BY LANTA WILSON SMITH.

She was at rest,
And they brought flowers,
White, wax-like flowers,
To lay upon her breast.
And did not look upon the blossoms fair,
Nor could she breathe the perfume floating
There
Around her bed.
Three days before
A child brought flowers,
Rich, crimson flowers,
And laid the store
Upon her bed.
The look of suffering on the pain-worn face,
To one of thankfulness and joy gave place,
As she said:—
"How rich and fair!"
Dark crimson flowers,
And cream-white flowers
With perfume rare.
"How rich and fair!"
Her face expressed the thanks she could not
speak.
Her weak hands laid the blossoms on her
cheek,
And held them there
With loving touch.
Those autumn flowers
From fading bowers,
Mean—oh, so much!
They withered there.
Her fevered lips o'er pressed the cool, fresh
leaves;
They soothed her, as a mother's hand relieves
From pain or care.
O loving friend!
Keep not your flowers,
Your fairest flowers,
Until the end!
In hours of pain
Your loving deeds may some distress remove;
Bring all your flowers, for these and words of
love
Are not in vain.

ORIGIN AND HISTORY Of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union.

Published by order of the Louisville Convention.
The following was prepared by in-
vitation of Miss Willard for the
Louisville Convention, October 25,
1872, by one of the founders of the
National Union—Mrs. W. A. Ingham,
of Cleveland, Ohio:—

The handful of corn upon the tops
of the mountains grew space after its
wonderful planting in Ohio during
the winter and spring of 1873-4. The
fruit thereof shook like Lebanon
throughout the Middle and Western
States, and in August of that year
many of the seed-sowers had gathered
upon the shore of Lake Chautauqua
for a fortnight in the woods.
In primitive fashion we dwelt in tents,
or sat in the open air about the
watchfires kindled at the first National
Sunday-school Assembly. Women
who had drawn near to God in sa-
loon prayer-meetings felt their hearts
afire again as they recounted the
wonders of the great uprising. It
was at Chautauqua, the birthplace of
grand ideas, that our Union origi-
nated. It is the story of its be-
ginnings were written, and there is
no more fitting place for its rehearsal
than in this goodly presence—the
city of Louisville—where South and
North meet beneath the palm to re-
joice over its achievements and con-
secrate anew its altars.

One bright day, a very few ladies
were in conversation upon the subject
that filled their hearts, inspiring the
thought that the temperance cause
needed the united effort of all the
women of the country. The sugges-
tion came from Mrs. Mattie McClel-
lan Brown, of Alliance, Ohio. Mrs.
G. W. Manly, leader of the praying
band of Akron, accepted the idea,
and it was said, "Why not take
steps here toward its formation?"
Upon further consultation it was de-
cided to call a meeting, notice of
which was read from the platform of
the auditorium by Rev. Dr. Vincent.
Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, of Illinois,
a guest of the Assembly, maintained
that so important a movement should
be controlled by women engaged in
active Christian work. In order to
arrange the preliminaries of the an-
nounced meeting, Mrs. Willing invited
Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Manly, Miss
Emma Jones of Oakland, California,
and Mrs. Ingham of Cleveland, to
meet her in a new board shanty on
Asbury Avenue. The Woman's
National Christian Temperance Union
was born, not in a manger, but on a
floor of straw in an apartment into
which the daylight shone through
holes and crevices. In a half hour's
space every detail was prepared, in-
cluding a proposed formation of a
committee of organization, to take
place that very afternoon succeeding
the regular 3 o'clock session of the
Assembly.

At the temperance prayer-meeting
at 4 o'clock p. m., under the canvas
tabernacle, were, perhaps, the five ear-
nest Christian women; and there
were several from Ohio, Mrs. H. H.
Otis of Buffalo, Mrs. Niles of Hor-
nellsville, and Mrs. W. E. Knox of
Elmira, N. Y. Mrs. Willing was
leader of the prayer service and acted
as presiding officer of the business
session, convened afterward. At this

conference women were chosen to
represent various States, an adjourn-
ment being had to the following day.

At the hour appointed, August 15,
1874, a large audience had gathered,
Mrs. Jennie F. Willing in the chair,
and Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller,
secretary. As results of the delib-
eration, the committee of organization
was formed and the chairman and
secretary of the Chautauqua meeting
were authorized to issue a circular let-
ter asking the Woman's Temperance
Leagues of the North to hold conven-
tions for the purpose of electing one
woman from each congressional dis-
trict as delegate to an organizing
convention to be held in Cleveland,
Ohio, Nov. 18, 19 and 20, 1874.
The call duly appeared, to which
the following names were appended,
preceded by those of the chair-
man and secretary: Mrs. Dr. Gause,
Philadelphia; Mrs. E. J. Knowles,
Newark, N. J.; Mrs. M. M. Brown,
Alliance, Ohio; Mrs. W. D. Bar-
nett, Hiawatha, Kansas; Miss Au-
retta Hoyt, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs.
Ingham Stanton, Le Roy, N. Y.;
Mrs. Frances Crook, Baltimore,
Md.; Miss Emma Jones, Oakland,
Cal. The writer of this paper was
nominated from Ohio, but withdrew
her own name, substituting that of
Mrs. Brown, who was known to have
made the original suggestion.

The convention assembled Novem-
ber 18. Mrs. Willing was chosen
president. Sixteen States were
represented by grand women. Lovely
crusaders of the city secured enter-
tainment for three hundred persons;
one of them, Sarah Knowles Bolton,
looked after the baggage of delegates
and visitors. The Second Presby-
terian Church, Superior Street, held
the gathering. An address of wel-
come was delivered by Mrs. L. D.
McCabe of Delaware, Ohio, presi-
dent of the Ohio State Union, which
had been organized at Springfield,
September 17, 1874. The daily
press pronounced the executive abili-
ty of the women to be of high order,
all unused as we were to deliberative
assemblies. Universal comment was
excited by the remarkably thorough
and able administration of the pre-
siding officer through three difficult
days. The following ladies were
chosen to serve during the year:
President, Mrs. Annie F. Witten-
meyer of Pennsylvania; vice-presi-
dents, one from each State repre-
sented; recording secretary, Mrs.
Mary C. Johnson, of New York;
corresponding secretary, Frances
E. Willard of Illinois; treasurer,
Mrs. W. A. Ingham of Ohio. As a
reward of merit our four faces ap-
peared not long after, engraved on
wood, in the *Morning*, an enterprising
herald of reform. These officers,
with slight exception, retained their
positions until 1879.

Vicissitudes have occurred during
the eight years past, but all tend,
in our onward march to the forefront
of battle, to bring nearer that which
overcoming faith and labor are sure
to win—victory! An agency thereof
which should here be recognized is
the election, in 1879, at Indianapolis,
of Frances E. Willard as president
of the Woman's National Christian
Temperance Union. She leads to
glorious struggle the hosts of Miriam
and Deborah in a new crusade for
God and home and native land.

Our present officers are capable
and faithful. Our borders are ex-
tended until now forty States and
Territories are each represented by a
vice-president. We have within this
area sixteen hundred auxiliaries. The
work is divided into 33 departments
superintended by practical women.
The novices in parliamentary usage
of the Cleveland convention are now
experienced and intelligent leaders
in the grand reform. Great Britain
and cities of the Orient acknowledge
within their own borders the power
of the woman's temperance move-
ment of America. Independent or-
ganizations, with large membership,
have multiplied on both sides of the
ocean, until a score are in active
operation as the outgrowth of the
great awakening. More than all,
better than all, the "Rock of Ages"
women are proving worthy of the
title, and are praying to-day even
more earnestly than when with sub-
lime faith they went out into the
streets and saloons of Ohio, believing
ere long our Lord will say to us, "O
woman, great is thy faith! be it unto
thee even as thou wilt."

... What we want in Christ we always
find in Him. When we want nothing,
we find nothing. When we want much,
we find much. But when we want
everything and get reduced to com-
plete nakedness and beggary, we find
in Him God's non-plate treasure-house, out
of which come gold and jewels, and garments
to clothe us, wavy in the richness and glory
of the East.—*Sours*.

... All church-goers may profitably pray
this prayer, offered by a South Sea Islander,
just as the meeting was breaking up: "O
God, we are about to go to our respective
homes! Let not the words we have heard be
like the fine clothes we wear, soon to be taken
off and folded up in a box till another Sab-
bath come round. Rather let Thy truth be
like the tattoo on our bodies, indelible till
death."

NO RETREAT.

BY ELLA G. G. PAGE.

I cried, "Life's temptations are many,
I will turn and flee away.
For I have no strength to resist them,
I will leave them if I may.
There are places they may not enter;
Mid new scenes they'll fly from me!"
A voice whispered low to my spirit,
"It is only cowardice that flees!"
Temptations lurk all earth over,
In one form or another still there;
Best stay where you are and meet them
With the courage that's born of despair.
Help waits for you if you'll take it,
For the asking 'tis given free;
Say in your lot and fate,
"It is only the cowards that flee!"
So I took up my lot forever;
And the air all around me seemed
To be full of angel whisperings,
And softest radiance beamed.
The sun like a benediction
Fell softly down on me;
I said, "I will stay and battle,
'Tis only the cowards that flee."
McKen, Mass.

LETTER FROM GERMANY.

BY MRS. R. T. H. HARVEY.

BADEN-BADEN.

MR. EDITOR: Up here in the Alte
Schloss, or old Castle of Baden, 1,610
feet above the sea, where some of the
walls date back to the third century—
in a sunny nook by one of the openings
of the ruin where once was a grand
window overlooking a marvelous ex-
tent of country, edged off in the dis-
tance by the Rhine—I begin a letter
to you. So high and dry am I, after
the long drive from the gay town,
through the avenues of the Black Forest
and most enchanting views and vistas
and spiral ascents, I must pause a mo-
ment to collect my thoughts and remind
myself that I am in what was once the
palace of the old margraves—a word
which, I suppose, means some sort of
royal family, or, at all events, a people
who ruled other people and made them
able to build this lofty and extensive
castle, and then live in it after a royal
fashion, as royalty was in those days;
in south, I judge, commanding not a
title of the comforts and luxuries which
many ordinary homes in Boston furnish.
except certain armorial splendors and
dismal grandeur more like a prison
than a palace, as we regard things.

On gazing out of any of the openings
on three sides, I have to confess that
there is nothing in my own republican
land to compare with the beautiful and
extensive prospect—at least I have
seen nothing. These moneyed mar-
graves knew how to build their homes
better than we. Desiring towns, they
selected places farthest from men, ap-
parently valuing nature above all else.
Just here I venture a prophecy—that
the day will come in America, beyond
ours, when the persons of the highest
civilization will choose their abodes
with reference to the most intimate
communion with God through natural
ministration. Their God may not be
ours, but a God nevertheless. Art will
be secondary to nature. What is nat-
ural in life and character will take
strong precedence before the products
of art. In that day history will repeat
itself, and again will be a Homer, a
Michael Angelo, a Rubens, and many
people after the mind of Him who was
born in a barn. I am asked, "Whom
have you in America to take the place
of Mr. Longfellow?" I cannot answer.
They say to me that Mr. Emerson is
not so well known in foreign lands. I
dare say that Plato, Socrates and Sen-
eca were little esteemed beyond the cir-
cle of their disciples for the first cen-
tury after their death.

Speaking of these men, reminds me
of a pleasant experience a few days ago
in the library of the University of Stras-
sburg. The librarian was a German of
about thirty-five years of age, and hav-
ing many questions to ask him, I in-
quired if he could speak in English.
He shook his head, smiled and said,
"Only a very little." I got along pretty
comfortably, with French mixed in,
until we came to the department of the-
ology, where he showed me the books of John
Calvin. Then I broke out with impet-
uous interest in my own tongue, bring-
ing up quickly, however, on hearing,
"I cannot understand you, madame.
Will you be so good—to write—sky,
let me—I will bring some paper"—
and he bustled off to another room in
hot haste.

Bringing the paper, I wrote, "Why
do you not speak English? This is the
common language of learned men."
"No, no," he returned, "French,
the French language, is more necessary;
that is the tongue universal."
"You have the best of Goethe in your
vestibule. He was called the many-
sided man. You should be armed and
equipped at all points, not only like
your greatest men, but like Jupiter.
A young man like yourself must not
omit the English language!"

He laughed and graciously returned,
"I know the Greek, the Latin, the
Hebrew, the French, the—I forget
what else, probably Sanscrit—"but,"
pointing to his mouth, "one has to get
something for this—one cannot know
all—one must survive, and one need
not have the English to feed this."
I shook my head and insisted.

"Why do you not know German?" he
replied, just like a man.
"Oh! I am a *fräulein*—a *fräulein*—
what do you say? A woman! I am not
a professor nor a librarian!"
"But you asked for Calvin—for his
'Institutes.' You inquire much—you
speak of Fénelon—you are very
learned."

This brought a round laugh. I said to
my companion, "No wonder he thinks
so, in a country where we see every
hour milk cows yoked and drawing
heavy burdens with women hard at

work, mowing and raking and carrying
many pounds on their backs and heads!"
I might have added, and one woman of
their annals who is honored with a
tomb in St. Peter's Church at Heidel-
berg because she delivered brilliant
courses of lectures to crowded and ap-
plauding audiences—Olympia Morstau.

"Do you not like Fénelon—his
works?" I asked.
"He wrote good—Fénelon—but Fé-
nelon—what you call the word, not
friend, opposite?"
"Adversary?"
"Yes, that the word. Fénelon ad-
versary to the Jansenists. I not love
him for that."
"But he was a man of great faith in
God. We must be like him—of true
faith. If we have that, our months will
be fed and one may learn language—the
English—met—and many things
we can do by faith," I ventured.

"Yah! Yah!" said he, as I thought
in a tone indicating mental reserva-
tions.
Desiring us to wait, he ran off again
to some unseen nook of the library. I
did not wait, but hurried on my visit, as
we wished to see the apostolic clock of the
Cathedral opposite at twelve o'clock.
Directly he came back with a large, thick
book which he opened on the shelf be-
fore me, displaying fine illustrations,
and in a very modest way he turned to
the title page and said, "That is my
name."

"Did you write the text of this vol-
ume?" I asked.

"Yes; this book is mine. I have
written other books."
I read a well-looking name prefixed
by the title of "Dr." also suffixed,
"Librarian of the University of Stras-
sburg."

"Ah! You should visit America," I
said, as I glanced along the attractive
pages which had some illustrations of
American life and manners. "You should
know our learned men and read their
books." I mentioned names, among
which was the President of Boston Uni-
versity.
The book seemed a kind of universal
history or geography. Perceiving my
interest, he brought another of his
books, also illustrated. This was a
work on the different theologies. The
pictures were too good to let slip.
Straightway we bought a copy of each
of these volumes, desiring them sent at
once to New York. I am certain of a
great treat some time in the future. He
made me understand he had no thought
of selling me his books, which I was
careful to appreciate. I regretted we
had not longer time, especially when he
opened the covers of Calvin's Bible, and
referred to other rare books in his
library. He said he might visit Amer-
ica some time, intimating that that event
would somewhat depend on the success
of his books. With other pleasant
words he bowed us out of that classic
shade.

But when I found myself once more
in the open court of what eminent spot,
so near the shadows of the busts of the
celebrated men who had been educated
at this University, and remembered that
I had been talking with a doctor and a
librarian and German author in such an
advisory fashion, I was more than will-
ing to hurry off to see the Strassburg
clock!

COLOGNE.

At Heidelberg, after visiting the
castle, walking on the celebrated lun,
and seeing several other historical
things, we went to the library of the
University. Here we found a rare col-
lection of illuminated manuscript. It
seems to me, after all we have examined
in one and another country, that these
were the most beautiful and interest-
ing. More than all, however, was a
large volume in gold bands and clasps,
which our German attendant told us was
a copy of the *Choral Psalms*. The
pages were vellum, and the work was
by Dutch as well as German hands. I
suppose they must have been monks.
The musical notes were large and in-
terspersed with beautiful, curious pic-
tures. The cost of the book was 12,000
marks. It was done in Wittenberg in
1557. There must have been wonder-
fully musical monks in those times.

I must now tell you about a Dominican
priest, whom we encountered a day or
two ago on the steam-r down the Rhine
from Mayence to this place. We had
been studying out the old castles and
the villas which one traces easily by
the maps of this wonderful river, and
being in a little doubt as to the locality
of one "Ruine," a very gentlemanly
man helped us in English with the de-
sired information. "This is the Cath-
olic priest from Limerick, whom I met
this morning," said my companion. It
soon transpired that he was returning
from a convent near Munich, where he
had placed his sister at school. I told
him we Americans did not dare place
our girls in convents, lest they become
perverts. "Your sisters are so kind,
they win them," I added in direct ef-
fort made for the conversion of pupils.
Directly he became very frank, and he
seemed perfectly easy to talk with him,
even to the utmost limits of dissent.

At length he inquired my own denomi-
nation. Having told him, he said,
"That people are disciples of Wesley."
Mr. Wesley was a good man," he
added; "good as far as he had light,"
was his qualification of his own admis-
sion.
After stopping long enough in our
discussion to admire two or three more
castles and one royal residence, I said,
"Your church would have more influ-
ence were it not for the persecutions
which have been such a blot on your
history." With great urbanity he de-
clined to give my instances. I re-
ferred to Fénelon and to Madame Guyon,
as also others. "Fénelon," said he,
"reclined, and lived and died in the
church." Still I insisted on my dissent,
adding I should be very sorry to have
any of my friends become members of
his church. Not in the least disturbed,
he offered to furnish me a letter to some
of his friends in Rome, which would

give me access to places and persons I
had expressed a desire to see. And as
the conversation went on, he said,
"You are thinking of the Inquisition."
That was a—

At this juncture, the loud alarm for
the table d'hôte sounded. "We must
attend to the wants of the inner man,"
said he with a smile. Never was I so
sorry for any interruption. I could
have wished "the inner man" at the
bottom of the Rhine! And thus I lost
the chance of hearing an apology for
the Inquisition from a learned and com-
municative Dominican father! He said
he was very sorry that our numbers at
table were so far from him. But on see-
ing him after dinner, an hour or two
later, he bowed smilingly as he passed
our seats, and stopping long enough to
reveal his prayer-book, said, "I must
go to my prayers now."

"But we are commanded not to pray
at the corners of streets to be seen of
men. Everybody will see you here!"

He pleasantly replied, "We are told
to pray without ceasing. I might have
a temptation if I should omit my
prayers. I must pray, whether I would
or no."

"Yes, I believe in unceasing prayer,"
said I. But I am afraid I laughed a
very little.

Yesterday (Sunday) morning we went
into the Cathedral of Cologne, the ed-
ifice said to be the finest in arch tectural
structure in the world. Having reso-
lutely resolved to attend to the religious
service and keep my eyes off the mar-
velously attractive pictures, I tried to
get into the spiritual frame of mind be-
coming the holy day. But the sight of
the long row of priests on either side of
the chancel and their peculiarly comical
appearance as they rehearsed the usual
Latin chants over their books, appar-
ently unconscious of the hundreds of
eyes regarding them from over the
boundaries of the sacred place, was too
profane an exercise to satisfy my con-
science, so we took our departure for
the English Chapel, arriving just in
time for morning prayer. Afterwards
we heard a very good sermon, delivered
extemporaneously in English, though
evidently by a German. One idea I
must mention. He said the angels, ever
desiring to study the mystery of the
redemption of man on earth, were al-
ways present, even in little chapels like
that, on such occasions, which fact
ought to serve as an encouragement
to all preachers to prepare themselves
as much for the few hearers as for a
multitude. There were many invisibil-
ity! I much desired to ask him
whom he called angels—whether they
were of the measure of a man? (I
as they are described in the Revelations
of St. John, or certain pre-Adamic
creatures like those of Milton's imagina-
tion? If source I mean spiritual "mea-
sure.")

Coming down to the earthly again, let
me say that having visited the two most
celebrated watering-places on the Conti-
nent—Baden-Baden and Wiesbaden—I
must still sing the praises of the wa-
ters of our own Saratoga. The hot
streams from these celebrated foreign
fountains are not to be compared to our
sparkling, exhilarating springs. The
places, however, are far superior to
ours in local attractions and resources.
Wiesbaden, in particular, has some of
the finest drives among beautiful dwell-
ings and around extensive parks, one
could imagine. The Greek Chapel in
this place is simply a marvel of grand-
eur to remember evermore.

DESECRATION.

The poet died last night;
O'er him his mortal frame;
He has fought well the fight;
And won a deathless name.

Bring flowers for his bier
And flowers to deck the bier;
The tribute of a heart
To his immortal verse.

Hushed is that piercing strain;
Who heard, for pleasure wept.
His were our joy and pain;
He sang—our sorrow slept.

Yes—weep for him; no more
Shall such high songs have birth;
Gone is the harp he bore
Forth from the realm of earth.

Weep, weep, and scatter flowers
Above his precious dust;
Child of the heavenly powers—
Divine, and pure, and just.

Ay, weep—for when to-night
Shall hush the funeral dirge;
Beneath the pole star's light
The human genius will prove.

What earnestness shall throng
Within the sacred gloom,
To do our poet wrong—
To break the sacred tomb!

His woe-stricken friend and near,
Toward whom his spirit moved;
The brother he held dear;
The woman that he loved!

—RICHARD WATSON GILDER, in the *Critic*.

The Little Folks.

THE GLUTTON, OR WOLVERINE.

BY MRS. R. H. WOOD.

"Mother says black Tom eats like a
glutton," said Walter one day. "Is
there such an animal?"

"On the continent of Europe there is
an animal known by that name. It de-
rives its name from its living among the
rocks. The fumes of old times called it
Picetrop, which means living among
rocks. The Germans supposed it to
mean *Pietrop*, which in their language
means glutton. It roves about in the
mountains, hunting for elks and rein-
deer. Because of its name and habits,
some writers have written bad things
about it. It is true that, like many
other animals and some men, it resorts
to mean tricks in order to obtain its
food. One is that of climbing upon trees
and throwing down the moss (which
grows on trees in thick woods) of which
elks and reindeer are fond, for the pur-
pose of enticing them into the place,
where it waits until they come within
reach, and then flings itself down upon
their backs and fixes its teeth and claws
so firmly upon them that it is impos-
sible to throw it off. The poor creature
run and throw themselves against trees,

hoping to knock it off, but to no pur-
pose; for all the time it is sucking their
blood. At last they fall exhausted and
die."

"I despise such a mean creature,"
said Philip. "Have we any in our coun-
try?"
"Yes, the wolverine of Canada and
Michigan is the same animal. It is
called the glutton in Europe and Asia,
and the wolverine in America."

"Is it like a bear?"
"Not much, though the track it makes
in walking is so much like that of the
bear that it is often taken by the hunt-
ers to be one. It is not so large an ani-
mal, and though its feet resemble the
bear's, its head and body differ. Its
head is broad, its nose short, and its
tail bushy. Its arched back and short
thick legs make it a strong animal. Its
color is dark brown, marked with white
on the throat, between the forelegs,
and on the hips. It is a lazy creature,
choosing to eat what others have
caught, or to rob traps of bait, rather
than kill its own prey. It is very cau-
tious, scarcely ever getting into a trap,
though it follows trappers from forty to
sixty miles for the sake of eating the
venison and partridge heads which the
trappers use for bait."

"How does it obtain bait from the
trap without getting in?" Philip asked.
"It goes behind the trap, pulls it to
pieces, scatters the logs of which it is
made, and then takes the bait and car-
ries it away where it can eat without
danger of being molested."
"The meanest creature I've heard of
yet! I presume it is a coward."
"Why do you think it is a coward,"
Philip?
"Because meanness makes cowards."

"I think that is true, both of man
and beast. The wolverine is said to be
courageous when attacked by a beast,
but runs from man. It has many coun-
tins. They are the martin, badger, ot-
ter, mink, ferret, pole-cat, and zorilla."

"I think it has plenty, and some of
them not very sweet," said Philip, who
was determined not to like the glutton
or any of its family.

"That is true; yet we must admit
that all of them are useful. God never
made anything without a purpose, and
as you know more of His work, you
will see beauty and design in it."

NELLIE'S ERRAND FOR JESUS.

BY L. B. GORDON.

"Come, Nellie," said Mary, "with me
to see Florence and spend the afternoon.
She has lots of nice playthings, and we
will have a beautiful time."
"No," said Nellie, very pleasantly,
"I cannot, for I must carry some things
to a poor family for my mamma."

"Oh, no matter about that; come
with me and have a good time, and let
them take care of themselves."

"Mary," said little Nellie, "I wish
you liked to help the poor. You cannot
think how happy it makes me. My
dear mamma tells me every time I carry
anything to the poor I am running
errands for Jesus."

Mary went alone, but all the time she
was at Florence's house something kept
saying to her, "Did you do right in
speaking as you did?" This little voice,
which is called conscience, said, "How
much better you would have felt had
you spoken in a pleasant manner."

Mary stopped at Nellie's on her way
home, and asked her to forgive her for
speaking in such a cross manner, and
said she wished she had gone with her,
for she did not have a good time at all.

I wish you had seen dear Nellie, for
you do not know how pleased they were,
and the grandma said, "You dear little
one, you are trying to walk in the foot-
steps of Jesus who went about doing
good, and may God bless you!"

May all my little readers be willing
to run errands for Jesus!

TIERED.

Of all Thy promises, O Christ,
This soon time seems the best—
"Come to Me, ye that labor,"
And I will give you rest."

We get so tired, we cannot care
For many things. We creep
Like weary children near to Thee,
And only pray to sleep.

We have been strong to dare and do;
We have gone forth to fight;
With force that led to victory,
Have striven for the right.

Where Thou hast called us we have gone,
With gladness steps and free;
But what can worn-out hearts and hands
Avail to do for Thee?

We have gone forth to work among
Thy busy servants, Lord;
Oh, pleasant were the merry songs
We sang with sweet accord.
But night comes after the long day,
And we, by care oppressed,
Come to Thee, Master, in the dark,
And a kiss for leave to rest.

Oh, Jesus, Thou wast weary, too,
And Thou wilt understand
Why the unweary tasks are put
From out the restless hand.
We thank Thee for Thy patient love
That gives us to us to best;
We turn from all the world beside,
And come to Thee for rest.

Marianne Farnham.

For Young and Old.

Bits of Fun.

... The cultured no longer call it hash;
"Mosaic nutrition" is the correct form.
... When the button comes off the back of
a man's shirt his collar begins to rise.

... It requires a great deal of incidental
nervous to tell a young lady she is false—
to her teeth.

... Caution: "What a time you've been
about that egg, Mary!" "Yes, marm; but
the new kitchen clock has such large min-
utes."

... An absent-minded woman in Kentucky
put a corn plaster on her corn. The letter turned
up "dead," but the corn is still alive.

HELP THE FREEDMEN.

Dr. Hartzell, assistant corresponding secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society, writes:—

Last spring many brethren in several New England Conferences made special pledges to raise at least from ten to fifty dollars for the Freedmen's Aid Society this year. As most of the pledges were for Gilbert Haven School of Theology, the collections were to be sent directly to me, so as to insure being credited to that work in our report. Our Society was never in greater need of money than now. Dr. Rust, in writing me from our office in Cincinnati, says: "Send every dollar into the treasury you can. I pass this word to every pastor in New England. Dear brother, send every dollar into the treasury you can! All who made special pledges to me, please send the money to me at Clifton Springs, New York. One brother who pledged writes me:—

"I have not forgotten the promise to raise at least \$10. I have in hand \$15, the gift of a friend. Hope to make it \$20. Should probably secure \$25, perhaps \$30. Have not taken the collection yet, but intend to do so in December or January. I wish you all success in your work—in our work."

That has the right ring. A New England president editor says:—

"In a circular which I have just sent out to all the preachers on my district, I have specially noticed the Freedmen's Aid, and asked a liberal collection."

That, too, has the right ring, and it is to be hoped that every New England president editor puts in a good word for this great cause, to all his preachers.

The appeals which come for help from the field are earnest, and at times pitious to a degree not to be excelled from any mission field in the world. Within a few days two New England men in charge of two of our schools have written me. Dr. Cooke is one. He is at Orangeburg, South Carolina, three hundred and forty-three students. Among these are fully fifty who are looking to the ministry, and at least one hundred studying to be teachers. This is one of our best schools. Still, Dr. Cooke writes:—

"Our first great need is another building. We are overrunning with students, and have to turn them away. Our second great need is aid in promising but poor students, who are anxious to prepare for the ministry and for teaching. I wish our good friends could see what a fine class of students we have, and what sacrifices they make to obtain an education."

South Carolina has over 600,000 colored people. In the midst of these poor and ignorant multitudes we have this one school. Dr. Cooke could have a thousand students at once if he had buildings and our Society could give him the teachers. Where in the whole world is there a field more fully ripe for the harvest?

The other who writes is the worthy son of a worthy New England leader, Prof. Steele, of Bennett Seminary, at Greensboro, North Carolina. Here him speak:—

"Cast your eye over North Carolina and Virginia, 80,000 square miles, nearly the size of New York and Pennsylvania combined, and larger by far than all New England, having nearly 3,000,000 of people, and barely exceeding in population by New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, without a single school of the Methodist Episcopal Church save this! In this region, moreover, are 1,164,215 colored people—one-sixth of the colored population of America, the very large part of whom are looking to us. As to the importance of our educational work as related to our church work, allow me emphatically to say that without school work we can do nothing of any value in this land."

There was and is enough preaching of a certain sort. If we came better into the light of the Holy Spirit, we would be able to accept their offer of free board and tuition. Over-burdened by preaching three times on Sunday, conducting two Sunday-schools, and holding protracted meetings in addition to leading his classes here, he thought for a moment of accepting the offer, and so wrote. They at once sent him his books. He wants to stay in the Methodist ministry, and yet the temptation is strong.

"A presiding elder came into my office a few weeks ago, saying that the daughter of one of our official members was on the eve of being taken up by the Congregationalists, as they are doing by others, at the nominal sum of \$3 a month for everything. This is less than half what it costs us; but rather than have that section of the country supply any longer of our best young people, I look upon my own shoulders, although already burdened with more than I can carry."

"Give us the help for worthy young preachers and teachers of our own church and racial facilities for attracting those who go wherever is the best, irrespective of church, and we will turn the tide, and our Methodism will build her own instead of others' altars."

And so the dear brave man writes and pleads for the vast mass of ignorant and poor freed people. And his is a specimen of our heroic band who are leading the picket-line of battle against ignorance and social and moral degradation in the midst of the millions of colored in the Southern States.

The thirst of the colored people for education increases year by year. One woman fifty years old lately walked a hundred miles to one of our Tennessee schools, and support herself by washing, determined to learn enough so that she can read her Bible.

Another teacher repeats the oft-made statement that "the state of homes and pockets and ideas of life are such that most of those who rise must do it through great tribulation." He gives a case in point:—

"Last winter a girl, bare-headed, appeared to see her cousin whom we were supporting. Learning that she had run away from home, fifteen miles away, I sent word to her mother, but fifteen miles is a long way, and she did not come. As she was not willing to gratify her girl's burning desire for an education. Two months before school closed, the girl and would pay in a few days."

of the year she left, owing \$5. Through the preacher she was dunned all summer. To my surprise, on going to the train one rainy morning at opening of term, this girl appeared and came up with less than a dollar to go to school. I told her to go home, but on her entreaties concluded to let her stay until I could hear from her mother, who promised to pay in November, and board the girl herself by sending food. Part of the time the girl has food and part not. She is bright and willing. Her mother is a doubtful stick. The support of the girl I prophesy will come out of me."

In behalf of our cause, it is asking too much that: 1. Every pastor should take the Freedmen's Aid collection; 2. Every pastor should raise at least his assessment; 3. Every pastor should make a statement of the importance and magnitude of our work to his congregation?

Obituaries.

Died, in great peace, at her home in North Haven, N. H., Nov. 13, 1882, CYNTHIA (Clark) EASTMAN, aged 78 years and 10 months.

As a tribute to the worth of the deceased, it may be well to remember some of her essential traits of character. Sharing the advantages of a good intellectual and religious training, she early consecrated her talents to the service of Jesus Christ. For some years she engaged in teaching, in which calling she was eminently successful. Her connection with the church of Christ dates back to the year 1821. Eighteen years later she married Rev. Eastman, with whom she lived in unalloyed harmony for thirty-three years. As a neighbor she was invariably kind and obliging, ever ready to assist those in need, especially in the hour of sickness, when she would cheerfully do her half-hearted work to watch by the bedside of the suffering and administer to their wants. Her generosity was equally conspicuous, limited only by her means, in which she was always aided and encouraged by an equally generous husband, who arrived to mourn her departure. Here was the charity that "thinketh no evil," and hence she always had the kind remark to offer in defense of the absent whose conduct others felt called upon to censure. With a judgment remarkably well balanced, she was a safe adviser and counselor to all who sought her opinion. Skilled in housekeeping, her home was a delightful place to visit, especially to the preacher and his family, who always found there a cordial welcome.

But her piety was the brightest ornament of her estimable character. Sincere and unaffected, it shed a benign and constant radiance in every circle in which she moved. Of her it may be truly said, "Her love was without dissimulation." But she rests from her labors, and her works follow her. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." S. P. HARTY.

JONATHAN HOWARD was born in Marlboro, N. H., Dec. 29, 1775, and died in Guilford, N. H., Dec. 12, 1882.

He was married to Lucinda Beckwith, by whom he had four children—a daughter and three sons. Two of the latter survive and are located in business at Keene. Upon the death of his wife, he married Mrs. Eliza Smith, whose care did much to relieve the suffering of his declining years.

Dr. Howard was converted in an extensive revival of religion in his native town fifty-five years ago, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he continued a faithful member to the last. He was a man of pronounced convictions, and maintained them with great firmness and decision. He enjoyed the respect and confidence of the citizens of Marlboro, among whom he lived for over seventy-five years. For the last few years of his life—after his removal to Guilford—he was subject to occasional seasons of partial derangement, but even in these he did not swerve from the path of the Christian.

He leaves to his family as a legacy, better than wealth or fame, an example of consistency, and "being dead yet speaketh." S. G. KELLOGG.

SARAH FRANK CHASE died in Hudson, N. H., July 14, 1882, aged 43 years and 4 months.

Sister Chase united with the Methodist Church, under the labors of Rev. C. A. Crosby. She was a woman of ability, and when active no one could do more than she for the church. For a year past failing health compelled her to relinquish her zeal, though she longed to do more for Christ. For years she was the librarian of the Methodist Sunday-school in Hudson, and the fact that no volume was lost from the library during her administration, is the best testimony to her faithfulness and fidelity.

The last few months of her life were full of sorrow, but grace triumphed. A few days before she died she called her friends to her bedside and sought of them the assurance that they would meet her in heaven. Having obtained this pledge from those who were nearest and dearest to her heart, she died in great peace. A husband, daughter and a large circle of relatives and friends are left to mourn her loss.

Mrs. LUTVIA P. CHASE, wife of Nathan H. Chase, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 26, 1844, and died in Providence, R. I., June 15, 1882.

She was the daughter of Jeremiah Lewis of Dighton, Mass., who has since her death passed away. She was blessed with the prayers and training of a Christian mother, and a public profession of religion in Somerset, Mass., when about eighteen years of age. Afterwards, removing to Providence, R. I., she connected herself, in 1871, with the St. Paul's M. E. Church, of which she remained a member until her death. She was much attached to her kindred and friends. It was, therefore, a severe test to her when, nine years ago, she felt the approach of disease, which was more and more to keep her from the society of loved ones. For six years she was an invalid. Thirteen months of the time she was so paralyzed that she lost the use of all but her arms. She was a great sufferer. It was difficult for her to understand the meaning of her terrible affliction and to be resigned to her lot. But more and more it could be seen that the chastening of God was working out for her the "peaceable fruits of righteousness."

Some two months before her death she received a special uplift in her spiritual life. Thenceforth she was not only resigned, but happy in the will of God. She loved her kindred so dearly that she had often thought it next to impossible to love God better. But among the glowing testimonies of her last days was this one: "I love Jesus better than father or mother." She leaves a husband, mother, two sisters and a brother, who deeply mourn her loss. THOMAS J. EVERETT.

Mrs. ADELINA RUSSELL died of paralysis, in Coleraine, Me., Sept. 21, 1882.

Her maiden name was Nash, and she was born Feb. 12, 1805. She was married to Charles Russell in 1823. In the absence of all early church records, we cannot tell when she was converted and joined the church,

but from the subscription to build the M. Church in this place in 1835, Charles Russell was one of the first trustees. Their home was the resting-place of the early ministers who traveled this circuit. Sister Russell in her younger years was an ardent Christian, loving her Bible and all the means of grace. She was buried from the church, Sept. 24. In the absence of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Strong, of the Congregational Church, officiated. Our loss is her gain. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Some of the earliest recollections of some of her children are the earnest and devout prayers, in her home, of that sainted mother.

Widow MARY FELL died in Coleraine, of jaundice, Oct. 24, 1882.

Her maiden name was Cogdise. She was born at Leyden, Mass., Aug. 7, 1809, and was married Feb. 8, 1835. She was converted and gave her heart to the Lord, and herself to the M. Church in Coleraine, under the labors of Rev. A. Sanderson, in 1857, and from that time her death she was an acceptable member of our church. Her funeral was attended by a large number of her neighbors and friends. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." B. SWANSON.

Died, in Preston, Conn., October 19, 1882, POLLY SOPHIA LAM, wife of Henry P. Lee, in the 65th year of her age.

Sister Lee was born in Marlboro, Conn., Dec. 23, 1817. She was converted in 1841, but did not unite with the church until after her marriage and removal to Norwich, where, in 1846, husband and wife united with the Greenville M. E. Church, of which she continued a useful, devoted, consistent member until her death. For about forty years she was a quiet, unobtrusive Christian life has borne witness for her Master. She lived her religion. The profession of the life was exemplified in the practice of the life. She loved the church; and as long as her health permitted, was found in her accustomed place. When failing health deprived her of this dearly-cherished privilege, feeling that she had still "this same Jesus," in fellowship and communion with Him she enjoyed a bright and growing Christian experience.

She had timely warning of her coming dissolution, but it startled her not. It disturbed not the calm, sweet rest of her soul fixed on God. During a severe sickness last spring, when it seemed for awhile that the end was at hand, the writer, by her bedside, heard her expressions of faith and confidence in her Saviour. Ready then to go, yet willingly staying to cheer a little longer the companion of her life. But the respite was short, and the end sudden and unexpected to all save herself. Greeting up in the morning to put her house in order, she finished her work, and lay down to die. Knowing it was the end, she met it not only calmly, but with a longing desire "to go home and be with Christ." Afraid that loving friends would hold her back, she said, "No; let me go! Let me go! I am called up higher." And thus she entered into rest after but a few hours of bodily suffering, adding another to the long list of testimonies that "our people do well." Thanks be unto God who gives us this victory through our Lord Jesus Christ! P. C. BAKER.

ANNE C. BOWLER, widow of the late Rev. George Bowler, died at Nashua, N. H., July 27, 1882.

She was born at Lynn, Mass., Oct. 27, 1822, and was converted in a revival at South Street Church, in April, 1857. She was married to Rev. George Bowler in 1844 by Rev. James Porter, and traveled with her husband in the itinerancy most of the time until his death in 1869. Four sons (two of whom are Methodist preachers), one daughter, and a large circle of friends mourn her death.

Sister Bowler lived from the day of her conversion a devout follower of the Lord Jesus, ever honoring him in the fullness of the gospel. I once especially active in all the spiritual work of the church, carrying its burdens on her heart, suffering daily with Christ. The friends of her youth speak of her as "beautiful in person and beautiful in spirit" from her girlhood. These characteristics were true to the last. Time and sorrow had drawn a few significant lines on her face. The elevation of her spiritual life, her purity and her love for Christ and his church, had made her sensitive—far above the multitude of her sisters—to all the spiritual necessities of the church, of her friends, and of her family. But this travail of soul, the sorrows of life and the few belated days, had only rendered the physical—the eye, the mouth, the silent manner, the modest attire—more perfectly expressive of the life "hid with Christ in God." She spent hours in prayer daily, and came from these communings with God as Moses from the Mount, her face illuminated with an unearthly light.

She had a deep interest in the W. F. M. Society, and is greatly missed by the circle of praying women who she led in the way of holiness so quietly, yet so efficiently. We do not now know how to count up the results of her labors with the church, but we know that she was a faithful laborer in the vineyard of God, and in among us so unostentatiously. Her secret prayers are rewarded openly. Her testimonies for Christ will long be remembered. Her correspondence with unconverted friends, a work begun in early Christian life, and "in which she greatly excelled," yet speaketh. Her crown will be bright with many stars. "She is not dead, but sleepeth." B. P. RAYMOND.

DOROTHY GORTON, wife of Oliver C. Gorton, died in East Greenwich, R. I., Nov. 26, aged 91 years.

After weary months of patient suffering she has entered into rest. The benison of many ardent prayers will fall upon Father Gorton, who in his ninety-third year, after sixty-nine years of happy union with the aged, his heart broken over his loss, yet gives glory to God in this severe affliction, and rejoices in hope of a speedy and blessed reunion with his loved one gone before.

W. H. S.

Rev. JOSEPH WILSON, one of the oldest and most devoted members of our church in Coleraine, N. H., recently fell asleep in the evening of Dec. 3, in the midst of a lively and impressive prayer-meeting.

I believe the editor of Zion's Herald is personally acquainted with him, he having been for many years the proprietor and editor of the Coleraine Advocate. He was a lover of the church and devoted to it, in the broadest sense a true Christian. During the Sabbath he had been ministering good spirits, and while the writer was preaching in the morning on the Kingship of Christ, our brother attracted his notice by the strict attention he gave; and as the sermon reached a climax he burst into tears of joy. He was a good soldier until the last, when, instantly and unexpectedly, he was crowned.

His wife and daughter, to whom he was strongly attached, are overcome by his great sorrow, and the whole church and community are mourners together. HENRY DORR.

ANNE E. WATERHOUSE, daughter of S. S. and M. E. Waterhouse, died, Sept. 12, 1882, aged 26 years and 11 months.

He makes me to be down in pasture of tender grass. He leadeth me beside waters of quietness (Psa. 23: 2). Anne could not

great Shepherd's fold in childhood. He was unremitting in his care for her. He saw that she was to tread a rough, mountain-path in order to reach the "pastures of tender grass," and he said, "I will go with my lamb."

The schoolroom where she presided so many years missed her gentle presence. In vain the congregation listened for one familiar voice in the village choir. The white keys no longer melted into melodies at the touch of her hands. Anne was journeying, and the great Shepherd walked at her side. On, on, over the burning sands of physical death, over the sharp rocks of physical suffering, through the heat of summer and the snow of winter, went the Shepherd and his loved lamb. At last the way grew so rough and the lamb so weak, that with tender love the Shepherd stooped and lifted her in his arms. For ages she had walked rough roads, and had never yet made a mistake (Isa. 63: 1; Psa. 92: 19; Heb. 7: 25). They reached the tender grass, and under the broad, sheltering tree of trust the Shepherd laid down his precious burden. Her body still suffered, but her soul rested. At intervals the Shepherd led her beside "waters of quietness" (Job 34: 9).

One day she looked toward the outer margin of the pasture, and saw a shadow lying just at the edge, like the shadow of a cloud on the hillside in mid-morning. She asked the Shepherd about it. He replied, "That is the shadow of death between the pasture-lands. When we pass beyond the shadow, we are on higher grounds" (Rev. 7: 17; Rev. 21: 4). She looked again, and with the eye of faith she saw uplands beyond the shadow, luminous in radiant light.

"I will pass through the shadow?"

"Yes, for child."

"Will you go with me?"

"Yes, my lamb; My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest; for I am with thee, and I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

One beautiful morning Anne felt the clasp of the Shepherd's hand and heard Him say, "Good-bye," then turned her face toward the Shepherd. He lifted her in his arms, and tenderly bore her through the shadow of death to the sunny pastures beyond.

L. H. WATERHOUSE.

At a meeting of the Mt. Beulah Sunday School Society of Chelsea, held on Monday evening, Nov. 13, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, it has pleased our Heavenly Father to call from his earthly labors, our beloved sister and teacher, MARY A. C. LIVING, formerly of Chelsea, Mass., who was a devoted and faithful member of our church, and a true and faithful laborer in the vineyard of God, and

Resolved, 1. That we gratefully recognize her saintly character, her gentle, loving, patient spirit, her constant and abundant labors in the Sunday-school, in the church, and in the community.

2. That we commend to our Father as worthy of our closest Christian sympathy, her soul, and that we pledge ourselves to seek by divine grace to follow as she has done in the steps of Him who "was weak about our loss."

3. That while we so deeply mourn our loss, we yet rejoice in the fact that a faithful, a Christian, a devoted and an earnest, while we sadly miss from among us her voice and her face, we rejoice in the blessed assurance her life has left us, that what is lost to us is eternal gain.

4. That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the school, and a copy thereof be transmitted to the official family for whom we warmly invoke divine consolation and comfort, and to the editor of Zion's Herald for publication.

Mrs. W. M. JONES, Committee.

Mrs. M. A. MARTIN, wife of Joseph Hastings, died at Grantham, N. H., September 9, 1882, aged 72 years and 8 months.

She was converted under the labors of Rev. George Putnam, and for fifty-four years lived a consistent Christian, a faithful wife and mother. Though an invalid for twelve years, yet Jesus sustained her, and she triumphed in death.

J. W. BRAN.

Miss BETSY ANN STEVENS died in Grantham, N. H., September 15, 1882, aged 56 years.

She was converted when seventeen years of age, and joined the M. E. Church, and remained a consistent member until her death. She graduated at Kimball's Union Academy a good scholar and a successful teacher. Her life was a constant exhibition of faith and trust. She was a great sufferer for the last year of her life, but she stepped into the river with perfect resignation, saying, "The will of the Lord be done." Her aged mother and friends miss her, but their loss is her gain.

J. W. BRAN.

WASHINGTON HOWELL was born in Dresden, Me., April 23, 1834, and died in the same town, May 11, 1882.

He was soundly converted to God more than forty years ago, and lived in the favor of God until the day he died. He spent eighteen years of his life in New Brunswick, Me., where he was his pastor for several years. I found him a faithful Christian man, ready for every good word and work. During my pastorate his daughter Carrie was converted, and just about the time she joined the church her mother died after a few days' sickness. Since then Brother Howell has lived very much alone, but the peace of God that passeth all understanding sustained him till his death. He carried his God to his eternal rest.

M. DAVIES.

Died, in this city, December 1, 1882, Mr. JAMES F. FORBES, aged 76 years, and 8 months.

Mr. Forbes was a son of the late Deacon Gideon Forbes, of Charlestown, who for more than twenty-five years was keeper of the Charlestown Almshouse, and for over sixty years a member of the First Baptist Church of that city. Mr. Forbes was formerly and for two score years, a manufacturer of trusses and supporters, but at last years, through emaciation, was forced to abandon to any extent his line of business. He was a genial, kind-hearted man, and one that will be greatly missed by those with whom he was brought in contact. He was buried by his family, a wife and seven children, who are left to mourn their loss, from their residence on Courtenay Avenue, Boston Highlands, on Sunday, December 3.

NO DRUG MEDICATION.

Compound Oxygen is simply a new combination of the two elements which make up our common atmosphere, and in such portions as to render it much richer in the vital or life-giving quality. It contains no medication, unless the elements of pure air are medicines, and its administration introduces nothing into the body which the system does not welcome as a friend, accept with avidity and appropriate as entirely homogeneous to itself. Our treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action, and results, with reports of cases and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKY & PALLEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.

Pain in the right side, under edge of ribs, increasing on pressure; sometimes the pain is on the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the right side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder and is sometimes taken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are constipated, sometimes alternating with laxity; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight dry cough is sometimes attendant. The patient complains of weakness and debility; he is easily startled; his feet are cold or burning; he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low, and, although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it.

If you have any of the above symptoms, you can certainly get relief by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is a blood purifier, and will send the blood to the liver, and it will send the liver to the blood.

FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa.

WHEAT FLUORIDE Great LIQUID FOOD FOR BLOOD, BRAIN AND NERVES.

FOR A SUPERIOR NUTRIMENT, WHEAT FLUORIDE IS THE BEST. IT IS A COMPLETE FOOD, AND WILL BUILD UP THE SYSTEM, PURIFY THE BLOOD, AND GIVE THE NERVES, AND IT IS THE ONLY FOOD THAT CAN BE USED BY THE WEAK, THE SICK, AND THE INVALID.

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DR. WARREN'S

Wild Cherry and Sarsaparilla Troches

THE MAGICAL REMEDY!

For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Bronchial Catarrh, Whooping Cough, and All Throat and Bronchial Affections.

Two Hundred New England Clergymen

Who have tried them the past year have given voluntary testimonials as to their superiority over all other remedies of the kind. A few are given below:

No Remedy so Effective.

TO THE AMERICAN MEDICAL CO.—I am satisfied after a trial of two boxes that no remedy has ever proved so effective and so pleasant as Dr. Warren's Wild Cherry and Sarsaparilla Troches. My wife and I have used them for a long time, and they have cured our coughs, colds

